

people's units. Units will exist only in the minds of a few. The units will be recorded at the proper command from the proper power. You will carry a unit card with you wherever you go, and when you go somewhere where they are authorized to sell, you will hand the man your unit card and he will insert it into a machine and the machine will deduct the proper amount of units for the purchase you have made. If you do not have sufficient units, a small red light embedded into the top of the unit machine will begin to pulse and glow a deep red.

Now, as I sit in the evenings drinking my beer and watching the tv, I notice that there is an ad sponsored by the National Federation of Banks or some such thing, and this ad, paid for by the banks, is telling us that we needn't bother going thru all the hassle of receiving our pay checks and then going all the way to the bank to wait in line to deposit them -- by using the new "direct saving" or "direct banking" plan, we need never see our checks! Our employer can simply direct them straight into our accounts, and presto!

When the unit system is finally operative, you will still be able to go into the woods, but you will never be able to come back.

## POETS

Always of course when we were kids it was jolly business to abuse them. They were ridiculed in the classroom as the masses of children -- boys and girls -- squirmed and sweated and giggled, their eyes burning; watching the heavy weight of the teacher move itself about the room, sensing her tiredness, sensing that she was finished, sensing that we were young and our energy endless, scoffing at the weak and cryptic words she pushed toward us, knowing that she too was bewildered by the words, had no respect or understanding for them, hid amongst them like a naughty girl in the dirty laundry.

The poets get off to a bad start in life, and God only knows they bring it on themselves. Such a bitchy lot, so highstrung and full of small rages, totally incapable of solving the slightest problem. Their ineffectuality is the most attractive thing about them, however, and as time goes on those that persevere begin to draw attention. The communities of the world begin shoving things about and doing things that are uncomfortably on the outer fringes of the sensible to make room for these poets, these marvelous creatures who will not give an inch.

When a poet reaches this plateau, he is treated with an odd strain of affection and given honors. His work is printed eventually in the new text books that are opened by the new children on a new first day of school.

-- John Bennett  
Ellensburg WA

## PAC & DASH

Latest macho trip in Sacramento  
for underage males  
is "pac & dash."  
Takes minimum of 2.  
One to drive one  
to dash into Quick  
Stop grab 6 pac  
& dash out  
& peel away.

## ENTERTAINER

I dont hear the  
Mockingbird mock.  
He entertains  
with wide variety  
of borrowed tunes.  
Like most musicians.

## DRIVING ELKHORN BLVD HOME

saw myself  
10 maybe 9  
braced against tailgate  
(front full of grownups)  
pulling pin with teeth  
lobbing grenades at  
enemy tanks half-tracks  
foot soldiers catching  
them all by  
surprise.

## FORTY

## BRIDGE

Last week hung our  
grass Guahibo hammock  
between roof & Silver Maple.  
Today it's occupied.  
Tiny black ants traveling  
long narrow trail  
use it for a bridge.

Midnite. Sit & try  
to figure it out.  
How far I've come.  
How much I've got left.  
How much time ...  
Begin to doubt.  
In fit of melancholy  
think of my weaknesses ...  
failures as father  
husband son.  
Start on my if onlys.  
Use them as whip  
ass whipping ass  
in good old  
American style.